

I haue long dream'd of such a kinde of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so prophane:
But being awake, I do despise my dreame.
Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leaue gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne Iest,
Presume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heauen doth know (so shall the world perceiue)
That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,
So will I those that kept me Companie.
When thou dost heare I am, as I haue bin,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast:
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,
As I haue done the rest of my Misleaders,
Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:
And as we heare you do reforme your selues,
We will according to your strength, and qualities,
Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Exit King.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. I marry Sir Iohn, which I beseech you to let me haue home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, M. Shallow, do not you grieue at this: I shall be sent for in priuate to him: Looke you, he must seeme thus to the world: feare not your aduancement: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceiue how, vnlesse you should giue me your Doublet, and stufte me out with Straw, I beseech you, good Sir Iohn, let mee haue five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir Iohn. Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner: Come Lieutenant Pistol, come Bardolfe,

I shall be sent for soone at night.

Ch. Inf. Go carry Sir Iohn Falstaffe to the Fleete, Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Inf. I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone: Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spera me contenta.

Exit. Manet Lancaster and Chiefe Justices.

Iohn. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings: He hath intent his wonted Followers

Shall all be very well provided for:

But all are banisht, till their conterfations

Appere more wise, and modest to the world.

Ch. Inf. And so they are.

Iohn. The King hath call'd his Parliament,

My Lord.

Ch. Inf. He hath.

Iohn. I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire, We beare our Ciuill Swords, and Natiue fire

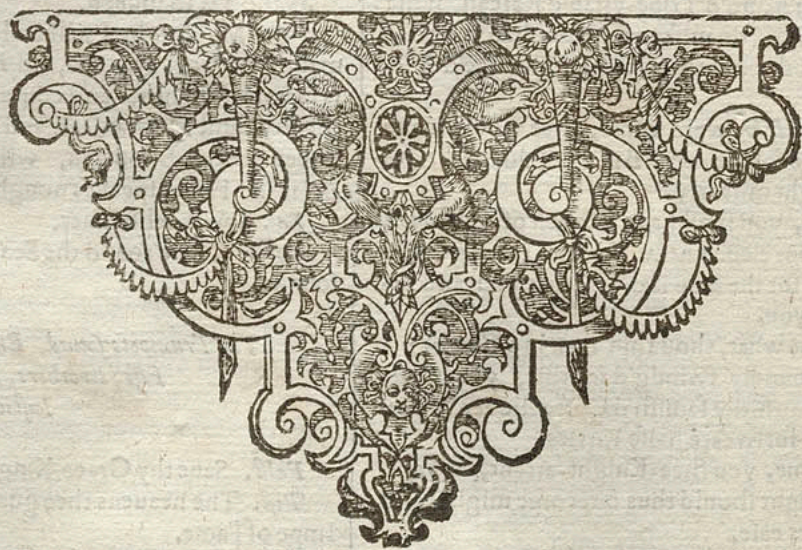
As farre as France. I heare a Bird so sing,

Whose Musicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.

Come, will you hence?

Exit.

FINIS.



EPILOGVE. A

FIRST, my Feare: then, my Curtsie: last, my Speech. My Feare, is your Displeasure: My Curtsie, my Dutie: And my Speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a good Speech now, you vndoe me: For what I haue to say, is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will (I doubt) proue mine owne marring. But to the Purpose, and so to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very well) I was lately heere in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promise you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come vnluckily home, I breake; and you, my gentle Creditors lose. Heere I promise you I would be, and heere I commit my Bodie to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most Debtors do) promise you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command me to vse my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt. But a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gentlewomen heere, haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer scene before, in such an Assembly.

One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much cloy'd with Far Meate, our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir Iohn in it) and make you merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know) Falstaffe shall dye of a sweat, vnlesse already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneele downe before you: But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.